

THE JOURNAL

BOOK CLUB OF WASHINGTON * SPRING 2019



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Cover image: An intermediate stage proof of one of the plates Frederic Cailliaud developed for the publication of his book, which was finally edited and published by W. Benson Harer two centuries after it was initially created. See article on page 32 of this issue.

EDITOR'S NOTES ON THIS ISSUE

David Wertheimer

"Books are the training weights of the mind." – Epictetus (c. 55 – 135 A.D.)

Born into slavery, Epictetus spent his life using a crutch due to a bad leg that the scholar Origen of Alexandria claimed was broken in his youth by his master.¹ This particular quote from Epictetus is particularly germane for this issue of *The Journal of The Book Club of Washington*, which is focused on the way books have different impacts during different stages of our lives, whether we are engaged in reading books, writing books, studying about books, or ideally, all three of those activities.

It is beyond an obvious truism to say that books are an essential key to learning. What this issue's authors tell us is that books provide different keys to different types knowledge at different points in our lives. Whether the wide-eyed wonder of a child with her first encyclopedia, a librarian studying the complexities of collating the pages of an ancient volume, or a scholar working to decipher a complex, unpublished French manuscript about Egyptian antiquities, books remain the puzzle pieces of our lives that, when we are able to assemble the pieces into a complete picture, enrich and inform our experiences of the world.

The first article in this issue, by British neuroscientist Sarah Caddick, takes us on a remarkable voyage through the different books that helped to shape and inform her earliest passions, and how reading has continued to enrich her life, her interests as they emerged over time, and her remarkable professional career. Whether reading Alice in Wonderland, or graduating to Bronte, Austen, and Shakespeare, (and even the *New Scientist* journal!) as an imaginative teen, or being challenged as a young adult by the likes of Ralph Ellison and Truman Capote, Sarah describes how her voracious appetite for books shaped, (and continues to shape), what and how she thinks, (or, as she might put it as a neuroscientist, how her neurons have continuously re-organized themselves to inform the essence of her person).

Four wonderful entries from BCW members who also happen to be librarians—Tamara Belts, Whitney Buccicone, Debra Cox, and Michael Taylor—provide us an account of their experiences in rare book schools. Their informative articles describe how the physical structure and organization of books themselves become a tool for learning about history, science, and the arts and crafts that are essential to the creation of a book. Already experts in the world of books and libraries, these four authors share how they moved from anxieties about whether they would be up for the challenge of an unfamiliar experience to the discovery that their teachers and fellow students in the Rare Book Schools worked together to create environments of shared interests and inquiries that embody the delights of learning new skills and finding even more insightful ways to approach the world of books. Their accounts of the classes and conversations at these

schools—from the camaraderie and pleasures of these pursuits, to the handling of volumes from the personal library of the first President of the United States—make me want to enroll myself in each of courses they describe.

W. Benson Harer, a professor of both Obstetrics and Gynecology and Egyptology, tells the remarkable story of happening upon the unpublished manuscript by Frederic Cailliaud, a self-made 19th-century Egyptologist, of the first volume of a text about Egyptian antiquities and culture. (Surprisingly, the second volume of this work had, in fact, already been printed.) Assembling a team of experts in both Egyptian antiquities and hard-to-decipher 19th French handwriting, Harer was able to translate, organize and print Cailliaud's unpublished work. This feat not only brought a previously unpublished work to the surface, but has helped to inform the field of Egyptology in ways Cailliaud might only have imagined as he created the confusing, handwritten notes that captured his knowledge and insights.

Finally, I offer a brief review of the book, *Printer's Error: Irreverent Stories From Book History*, by J.P. Romney and Rebecca Romney. This book is a delightful romp through the centuries of publishing, sharing remarkable adventures of artists and craftspeople responsible for the book creation and production. From Johannes Gutenberg to the mass producers of books in the 20th century, the Romney's offer accounts of people both famous and almost forgotten who have shaped the ways in which books have defined and informed our views of the world. Whether providing access to religious texts that were closely guarded for centuries by the Church (William Tyndale), using the power of the press to support a revolutionary cause (Benjamin Franklin), planting some of the 18th century seeds that blossomed into modern feminism (Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin), or manipulating the public to reject cheaply printed books in order to save the publishing industry during the Great Depression, (Edward Bernays), this book provides those of us who love books the opportunity to learn some of the more interesting features of how books have both changed themselves over the centuries, and changed the world.

So, I encourage you to dive into this issue and, as you read it, ask yourself not only what you have learned from the authors of the books that you have read, but also how books themselves—their contents, the impacts of their words over time, and even the nature of their physical construction—has helped to shape not only how you think about writers and the topics they explore, but how you think about books themselves as marvels of technology with the capacity to radically alter the world in which we live.

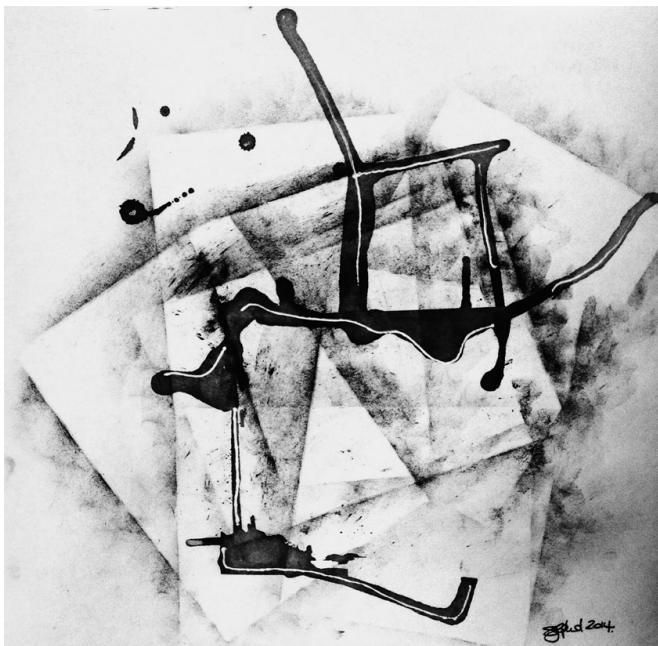
David Wertheimer, Editor, *The Journal of the Book Club of Washington*

Notes: 1. Origen, *Contra Celcus, Book VII*



PAGES IN A LIFE

Sarah J. Caddick



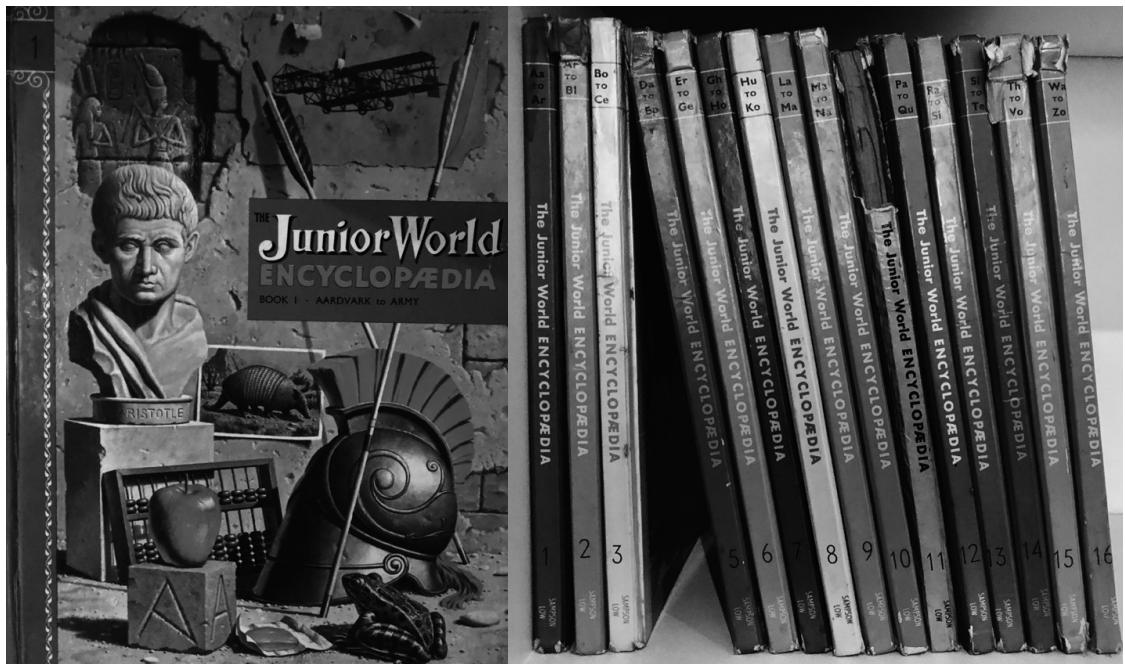
Pages in my life. Artwork by Sarah Caddick.

Created almost 5 years ago, which, it should be noted, gave itself the title to this article, I began to muse about the pages in my own life, the books, journals or even digital media that they sprang forth from, offering their treasures buried within. Memories long dormant came seeping out, almost giddy in their excitement at being accessed from the deep recesses of my hippocampus. I should add a disclaimer here: while a storyteller and reader at heart, I'm also a dyed in the wool nerd, a neuroscientist, fascinated by the brain from the time I first read about it in a set of encyclopedias passed on to me by a well-meaning neighbor when I was a child, and my own brain was still working its way through building the connections it would need, and discarding ones it found lacking. This particular set of encyclopedias has travelled with me around the world while in the background my brain refined those connections, expanded and nurtured them, lost a good few and rebuilt one or two, and so perhaps it's only fitting they begin the story.

They are brightly colored, 16 volumes reaching out to be opened and explored. Each page offered new knowledge, and my curiosity was equal parts sated and ignited as I learnt about the world, or at least the world according to each shiny volume. As I look at them now I can recall the street I lived on along with names and faces of people in the street. I recall being somewhat dismayed that #4 was missing...what mysterious things were to be learned

How does one even begin to chronicle a life in books, knowing it can only ever skim the surface of the many hours spent immersed in words that stimulate every sense, that trigger emotions, action, or inaction. I've asked myself that over the last few months, while attempting to do just that until finally, I gave up trying to chronicle and simply let myself sink into what I enjoy most, a story. The story of my life in books, so far...

Prompted by a discussion about a piece of artwork I cre-



(L) Cover of Junior World Encyclopedia, Volume 1, Sampson Low. (R) The Junior World Encyclopedia, Volumes 1-16, Sampson Low, 1960.

between CE and DA I wondered, although it didn't deter me from my quest to learn everything I could, and to keep them with me. It occurs to me I could try to find that missing volume now, internet search at hand, but it wouldn't change the story, not one bit.

Books, as a child, were not only my source of knowledge, they were my escape.

I'm told I learned to read from an early age, and I was encouraged, very much so, there were always books at home and my consumption increased rapidly once I had access to the magical library card that meant I could keep going and going, persuading the librarian to exceed the limit of books that could be borrowed in order to feed my growing desire to immerse myself in the stories people wrote, the adventures within. What I would've given to be one of the characters in Enid Blyton's infamous series, *The Famous Five* and *The Secret Seven*, to inhabit the world of Malory Towers. Fairy tales, fables and fantasy were like catnip, after all, why wouldn't I be enchanted by the escapades of the Pevensie family and a magical lion that evoked courage and brought hope. But it was the captivating series of the *Magic Faraway Tree* that hooked me in for the long haul. Clearly I was an Enid Blyton devotee but this series became something more for me. I still have my dog eared copies, and I read them even now, when I want to escape, to believe that it can be as simple as climbing to the top of a tree, to a new land and a new adventure that always works out in the end, no matter what challenges you find. The odd reassurance in these pages is sometimes enough when all else seems insurmountable, comforting in times of grief when nothing else will calm a raging mind that doesn't

know where to turn. That isn't something I would expect a child to know, but perhaps somewhere deep inside, I did, and kept them for just that purpose.

Alice in Wonderland became my obsession for a while. I still read it from time to time, taking inspiration from it as I see new meaning in territory I think I have trodden so well. I've sent copies to people over the years, pointing out that it is not just for children! As a scientist I marvel at the text, but as a child I just wanted the illusion that I could follow a rabbit, a curious path, and find things that weren't quite real.

My father loved to tell us stories, made up from his imagination. I have some written down; space adventures, magical places, rainbow lands. Reading them as a grown up I can feel the tears slide down my cheeks, wishing I could recapture the magic I remembered in the telling of them. Your brain craves narrative, did you know that? Whatever form it takes, words, song, pictures, movement, it's a behavior that we know has been conserved across the millennia, and not just in humans. It's special, storytelling is special. Books are one vehicle for this. When I hear people expressing their dismay at the myriad electronic forms they now take, exerting that 'real' books are the only way to experience the stories, I wilt a little inside. While I am in awe of the history of how books came into being, and the tactile pleasure of handling something I know contains the essence of someone who told the story, created the medium to embed it in and the protection to allow it to venture out in the world, I stand firmly behind a conviction that stories can be and should be accessed in whatever way you can get them. You can imagine then that I also hold the view that no one should be nudged into feeling judged by the genres they read, to me every story is there to be consumed, and you should be the one to decide which takes your fancy at the time.

I galloped through my teenage years amidst every type of book you could possibly imagine, highbrow and lowbrow, hence the prior comment. I often wondered who would judge me as I careened through the zeitgeist of low brow—the eponymous mills and boons love stories—and the highly regarded literature of Austen and Bronte, Shakespeare and L.P. Hartley to name but a few. They all venture into that murky space of relationships, of love and loss, I challenge you to read *The Go Between* (again perhaps), and not fall right into it with a running commentary and music in your background, even if you have never watched the movie. *Wuthering Heights* captured my soul, like many before me and no doubt many more to come, at odds with the hilarity and wit of *The Diaries of Adrian Mole*, a must read at the time. I seem to remember some Tom Wolfe crept in there too, again more contrasts. Interspersed throughout were the novels about a country vet, later televised much to my delight, and the comedic vagaries of British politics (rather ironic at present) which sat next to the sofa and actually belonged to my father if my memory serves me well. I think there may have been some samurai novels in that same pile, too.

Amidst all of the fiction I inhaled, there was much science, an avid reader of the weekly *New Scientist* journal, still very much alive and kicking, and all the text books and more I needed to pursue my wish to become a scientist. I do wonder how much more time I would have spent reading had I access to my favorite electronic toy. Yes, I admit it, I am rather fond of my kindle, but given the many hours I spend on a plane and traveling this is a practical necessity, and its actually rather wonderful to wake up after falling asleep reading and finding that it has remained at the exact same page you were immersed in as a particular subset of your neural circuits won the battle for supremacy and took you into the realm of repair and consolation of the day's activities. Paper versions rarely achieved that feat. Do not fear though, for I, like many of you, am utterly humbled and almost childlike in my visceral response when holding a rare and precious manuscript, willing the essence within to seep into my pores and invest me with the magic that created it. Discovering the books that set fields of study alight—often held behind glass barriers—is exciting, especially when they were perhaps received less than enthusiastically at their time of presentation, but many years later we see their unerring prescient contents and can only marvel at how we are now just demonstrating their worth. Hooke's *Micrographia* is a good example for a card carrying nerd like me.

I digress and should perhaps continue to the next decade, as I evolved to become the scientist I so wanted to be and escaped my native land for America's east coast—North Carolina to be precise. There I would find a kindred reading spirit, who became a source of new and exciting recommendations. Notable within this vast treasure trove were the novels of Margaret Maron from whom I learnt about her south, her North Carolina, in a series of mysteries that kept me coming back for more. Pat Barker and Cormac McCarthy, and American classics like *Bonfire of the Vanities*. *The Stone Diaries* and *Cold Comfort Farm* crept into those years, the delightful *Einstein's Wife*—please bring this back in print — the much lauded *Possession* stared me down, it's size intimidating until I dove in. These are just the tip of the iceberg but as I said, this isn't a chronicle, it's just a moment in time glimpse into my life in books.

I recall reading *The English Patient* and not wanting to emerge, even for my precious experiments. Years later I would find myself at dinner with the author, boldly expressing my disappointment at the movie, where Hannah is not the driving force in the narrative. I have no recollection of his response. I attended book readings on campus and at the local book store, meeting Martin Amis, Oliver Sacks, and many others, all leading lights of their genres. I still enjoy meeting authors, listening to them in what few bookstores are left. While I love the ability to carry hundreds of books on my little device; I sorely miss the once abundant havens of the written word, the feeling of adventure as you opened the door and melted into the stacks of opportunity within. I have my copy of *The Information*, signed, and to this day I credit my encounter at such a reading with the incomparable (late) Professor Sacks as my entree into

his world of exploring people and ferns, music and life. I consumed everything he wrote and once again years later found myself in his orbit (this time professionally) excited each time a new book was sent my way. In later years I would find another author —Atul Gawande—who captured my attention in the same way and once again, years later as though it was perfectly natural and even ordained, I found myself meeting with him to discuss the work he does now. Perhaps the universe enjoys throwing these encounters my way, who knows, but it's part of my story and one I embrace. I ran headlong into whatever Julian Barnes wrote, and re-read many of the classics I had forgotten from school days, without the pressure of knowing you would have to write some witty and intelligent essay on any one of them come early summer and exam time.

But it was also during this time that I fell prey to the peer pressure of recommendations from those who you want to impress. We all have those people, even when we think we are above it all. Perhaps you don't, and if so, well done, but that just wasn't me as a women in her 20s. This is the book that everyone says you must read, that will define the decade, turn your head upside down and so on and so forth. For me this book was *Mating*, by Norman Rush. Duly purchased I sat down to read it. Over the next decade I made countless attempts to read it, I truly did, but no, it was never going to happen for me beyond somewhere around chapter three. I finally gave up and stopped carting it around (I moved a lot, and over many miles so this wasn't a lightweight task) sometime in the noughties, most likely when I returned to New York City for the second time and realized real estate and space is at a premium when you're buying a co-op on the upper west side and you have to make choices.

A brief pit stop in Virginia and a new friend added another chapter to my life, where I discovered the joy of consignment book stores that meant you could buy, return for some credit, buy more, and repeat. We would both haunt these stores, exchange books, indulge in our guilty pleasure of historical romances (I have lost that guilt over the years, along with not really caring if my nose is slightly crooked) without taking up any room on our shelves. What joy, a never ending supply and a partner in crime to share. I would pick up random new books from charity stores for mere pennies and upon taking them in would find myself with dollars of credit. Not bad when you think about it and extremely helpful for a young research associate on a limited salary.

I ventured forth from Virginia to New York City. I joined a book group. I had never done this before. It was quite eye opening and I was desperate to impress. Of course I would figure out years later that this was a feeling many of us have, each thinking the other had more literary chops than we were comfortable with. I still wonder why we do this, like I said, stories are simply that and our consumption of them is, and should be, utterly personal. But I

had to, so I did, marshalling myself to read every book as though I would be questioned on just about any vowel or consonant within. *The Invisible Man*, Truman Capote (I don't recall which one) and then finally a book that allowed me to fluff my intellectual feathers, and to this day I recommend to many; *The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down*. Here I was in home territory. A story of how very different cultures approached the condition of epilepsy. This was my area of study, I could finally wax lyrical in my highbrow book group. But when the evening arrived and I joined in the discussion I found myself not so concerned with demonstrating my expertise, leaping instead into the emotional whirlwind of the story and the lives within. This is what reading is about for me, immersion into a world where I can be driven by the deeper parts of my brain, giving the grown up executive centers some time off. I attempted another book group when I returned to New York years later, and admit to feeling some similar pressures but this time I felt emboldened enough to say when I simply didn't get the point a fellow reader was making, and to challenge unnecessarily complicated explanations.

I would learn over time that I am one of those people who loves trilogies. To be quite honest, why limit it to three, I can't deny it, I love series, all kinds of series. The utter delight in knowing that there's more to come. The disappointment when it all ends. Drama, crime, romance, thrillers, fantasy, all of it! My equivalent of an addictive substance, with no unwanted side effects, what joy! An odd reassurance takes over when I know there isn't just one loaded onto my device, that another can rapidly follow when I am up in the middle of the night because once again I am in another time zone far from home. I could make a very long list of these series but there are a few that I go back to from time to time, that stuck with me because I made a strong connection to whatever was going on in my life when I first read them, I do that, maybe many of you do too? Harry Potter and his adventures sit on my shelf and always will. Now, mind you, these aren't the American editions, oh no. My father gave me the first book in the series on a visit home one year, and thereafter, realizing that there were subtle differences in the text, I insisted on only having the English editions. He continued to send them to me. I devoured each one. Not long after he died a reminder popped up on his computer, to buy the latest one in the series, my mother on seeing it did just that, not wanting me to miss it. *His Dark Materials*, *The Chronicles of Narnia*, *Percy Jackson*, Bill Bryson's amazing tales, all sit on my shelf and are opened every few years.

In the summer of 2008/9, I can't exactly remember which, but it was after I had returned to the UK, I was introduced (late to the game I soon learnt), to the world of *Twilight*. I was staying with my Virginia friend at their river house. Lounging on the tiny little piece of sand, optimistically referred to as the beach, trying to soak up the sun, she gave me this overly large paperback. I was going through a difficult time and again, a book gave me my escape. I have encountered many raised eyebrows when I say I love the series, but as

someone who has already professed her love for escape, fantasy and immersion in stories that activate my imagination I don't see why it would be such a surprise. I spend a large part of my life reading scientific papers that require me to be alert and in review mode, constantly checking to see if there's a flaw or a breakthrough not quite at the surface. My limbic system clearly has a different craving.

I gradually came to love biographies, captivated by A.N. Wilson's biography of C.S. Lewis, which I vaguely recall reading on a boat somewhere, trying to distract myself from the fact that I didn't want to be there with the people I was with. Most recently as I spent 23 hours winging my way to Australia I read Michelle Obama's book, *Becoming*, having seen her at the Royal Festival Hall. I truly enjoyed it, leaving it for my goddaughter to read, and hoping she will pass it along to a friend or colleague.

I enjoy sending books, to an individual or a group, unprompted and without actually knowing why those particular people made it into my consciousness at the time. The last time I did that it was a book by my lovely friend Shamim Sarif; *Despite the Falling Snow*. Everyone I sent it to loved it. I've sent many copies of *The Screwtape Letters* over the years, and *The Uncommon Reader* by Alan Bennett, small but fierce. *Advice to a Young Investigator* by the Spanish anatomist Ramon y Cajal is still as relevant today as when it was written and is another I send along from time to time.

I've gone off piste, off timeline, as I expected I would, no doubt because I'm darting back and forth through my memories, random ones that float up and evoke a nanosecond of "ooh, I remember that one", the drama, love, loss, person, season or place. *On a Glassy Sea*, given to me by an older gentleman—an astronomer—when I met with him and his wife ahead of a review of work we were funding on the Spacewatch telescope on Kitt Peak in Arizona. It was a magical experience, the night sky and the encounter, which involved a wander with them in the Sonoran desert. Already in their eighties I found myself challenged to keep up. His wife had retired many years before but was now studying for her bachelors in biology, keen to not miss the point of the science stories she read in the newspapers each day. What inspiration. The book I have yet to part with, even though I doubt I'll ever read it, to be honest I can't recall if I ever did. The dusty old books my late friend Jon Driver gave me instead of a bottle of wine when coming over for dinner one night. He knew I loved books and vintage in general. I had given everyone a random penguin classic at the Christmas party I hosted when I first moved to London, causing much delight and some anxiety as to whether I had matched the title to the recipient. I had not, for the record, but it was rather amusing to watch some of them squirm!

Somewhere along my journey, California I think, I discovered the writings of Anais Nin, my first exposure to erotica, and a world that seemed so rich

and yet so indulgent. I know I read the infamous Maupin series while in San Francisco, which of course was a must, I felt, wanting to see the city through his stories. What a contrast, or not, depending on how you look at life. Years later, the days on a Greek island, too hot to do much else than sit and read by the pool, I devoured the Stieg Larson trilogy. Beach days at the Cape remind me of a most amusing and poignant book—*Where Did You Go Bernadette*—and shared memories of lazy days under an umbrella just reading for the sheer joy of it with my lovely friend Annie, who reads more than anyone else I know and has wickedly good taste.

I should acknowledge here that I am lucky to have a number of literary-minded friends; writers, editors and collectors and I owe each and every one of them a debt of gratitude for their influence and wisdom over the years. I, myself, have never written an actual book, but after collating the series of missives I sent daily for around 7 months as I recovered from a rather inconvenient assault on my peripheral nervous system, I am coming around to the idea that perhaps there's a little tome in there and many recipients of said missives, and other people who read them later as one story, have encouraged me to do just that. It turns out that as inconvenient as it was, it also represented the creative burst from which the painting referenced in the title emerged. Interestingly enough, that period was one of the few times in my life when I couldn't bring myself to read. It was hard to concentrate on the words as my central nervous system took over rebuilding the connections in the periphery that had been so abruptly insulted.

I'm reminded of the many cookery books I sought inspiration from, and the writings of people like Ruth Riechl and Nigel Slater who managed to turn the intimidating world of restaurants, recipes and strange ingredients into stories and adventures, witty and personal, an open window into their worlds. The same is true for the art books, those coffee table behemoths that gather dust for the most part, or in my case did until I made a pact with myself that in order to buy them I had to at the very least have seen the work in person. So now my collection is so much more than the actual books, it's a series of prompts to recall the exhibitions I've seen, the people I saw them with and the gift of being able to learn about the stories that accompanied each piece of work.

Time to move along in the story, to the present time. Two books are on my mind. I remain amazed by the uncanny intervention or meddling of the universe - take your pick - ensuring that I am drawn to a book at exactly the moment in time that I need it. I am about to embark on a new life journey, and not without trepidation. So when I began reading the *The Penguin Lessons*, by Tom Michell I rapidly and with much relief understood that this was the universe offering a helping hand, this time not to escape but to embrace the uncertainty, to allow for the adventures that might follow and the people

that would enter and leave along the way and the chance of finding a companion, penguin or otherwise, to brighten the road ahead.

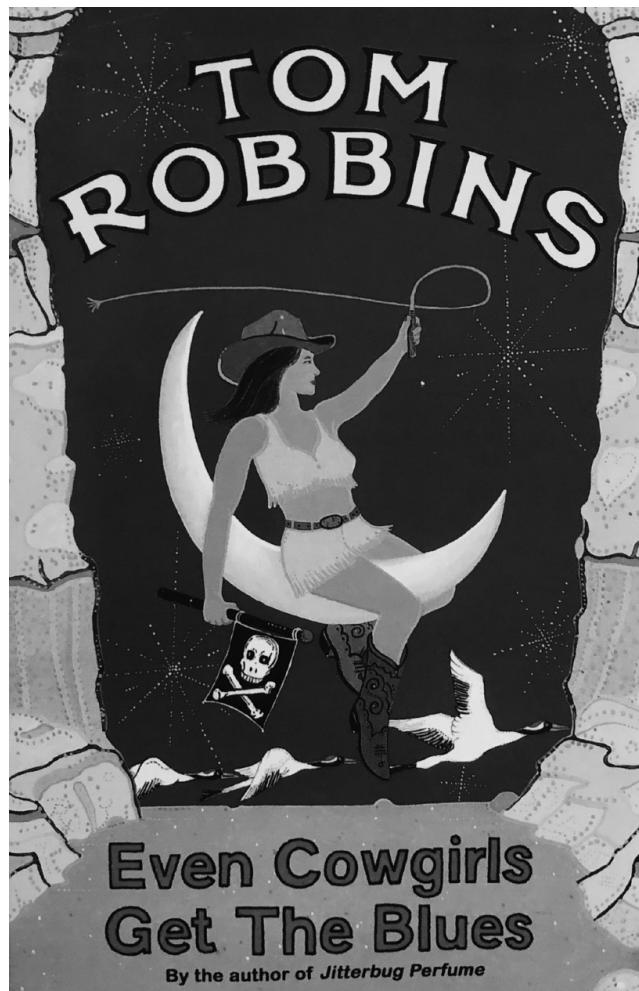
As I draw to the end of this chapter of my story I can see, sitting next to my coffee, the ragged edges and bright characters on the cover of the next book in my life, which, despite its cult status, I've yet to read. The title however, says it all and the universe has likely nudged it from the pile of many waiting to be liberated, for a reason. Onwards I say, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues.....*



About the author:

Sarah J. Caddick Ph.D., D.Sc.

(hon) Scientist, artist, philanthropic advisor and philanthropist and avid consumer of stories, with much experience in each and a desire to be defined by none! A former guest curator and presenter for TED and the Skoll World Forum with a particular passion for curating dynamic salons, workshops and panel style events that encourage diverse participants to explore the interface between different areas of science and its role in many areas of society.



Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, *Tom Robbins*,
1976.



A QUARTET OF REFLECTIONS FROM RARE BOOK SCHOOL ALUMNI

The London Rare Book School

by Tamara Belts

The London Rare Book School (LRBS) was founded in 2007 by Simon Eliot, who was then Professor of the History of the Book at the Institute of English Studies, School of Advanced Study, University of London. He modeled it after the Rare Book School in Virginia where he had also taught. Originally offered for two weeks, in 2017 it expanded to three weeks and has added additional courses each year. This summer it will be offering nineteen different courses over three weeks.

Each course consists of thirteen seminars of ninety minutes each, equaling approximately twenty hours of instruction over the course of a week. Instruction is made up of traditional lectures complemented by field trips to local libraries and museums such as the British Library, British Museum Prints and Drawings, Lambuth Palace Library, the National Art Library (Victoria and Albert Museum), and Senate House Library (University of London). Depending on the course students will visit other specialized facilities like St. Bride's Foundation Library, and the London Print Studio. Light refreshments and



At the Maggs Brothers bookshop reception for the London Rare Book School.

lunch are provided.

The faculty is made up of academics, librarians, museum professionals and other practitioners appropriate to the topic. The student body is hugely diverse, made up of undergraduate and graduate students, academics, library and museum professionals, book collectors, antiquarian book dealers, and others pursuing lifelong learning. The age span ranges from 20–80, making it a delightful mix, united around a shared interest or passion.

There are several additional social events during the week which allow you to meet others involved in other courses, or work in the field. These include two receptions: a welcoming reception on Monday evening, followed by a Maggs Brothers (antiquarian book sellers) reception on Thursday evening. In addition on Tuesday evening they offer book or library-themed guided walks, led by an avid walker and book/library historian. These have included *Bloomsbury's lost libraries: a walk through some forgotten book collections*, *Burned Books*, and *Lonely Hearts, wedding bells and illicit pleasures: a far from sentimental journey of how London loved in print*. At the end of the walk each participant receives a bibliography for further reading.

What really sets LRBS apart, I think, from the other rare book schools is the option to take courses for credit, either to transfer to your home institution, or applied to a *Postgraduate certificate in the History of the Book* (three courses), *Postgraduate diploma in the History of the Book* (six courses), or for the really ambitious, applied towards the *MA/MRes in the History of the Book* through the Institute of English Studies. Credit requires the completion of a 5,000 word essay within two months of taking the course. There is a small additional fee required, but it really adds to the value of the course and really deepens one's knowledge of the topic. I, myself, have completed five courses at LRBS since June 2016, taking one for credit.

My first course was the *Modern Rare Book Trade* (MRBT), which was taught by two well-respected antiquarian book dealers: Laurence Worms and Angus O'Neill. The topics covered were what one might expect: rarity, scarcity, and collectability, along with fakes and frauds. It also covered how to research the books, prepare catalogs, and the significance of provenance—including marks of ownership, inscriptions, annotations, and associations. The latter being for me an important introduction to the materiality of the book and the stories books can tell as physical objects.

The course also covered the structure of the modern book trade and the multiple ways that people participate including operating physical shops, selling online, and book fairs. We also were introduced to the ethics and the various codes of conduct of the multiple trade associations made up of those involved in the trade. An important realization being that there is a huge overlap between the art, antiques, archives and library worlds.

An important take away was the role of personal relationships. Whether one is a private collector or the person responsible for collection development at an institution, relationships are important. When a dealer knows the kinds of things that you are interested in collecting, they can monitor sale catalogs or auctions for that material. As they work with those selling collections they can perhaps facilitate a better price by assuring the original owner that you will provide a good home. While antiquarian dealers are trying to make a profit, they also understand that there are tradeoffs, and that the key is developing a long-term relationship that is beneficial to both client and dealer.

The highlights of this course were the field trips. We visited several nearby antiquarian book dealers, the most eye opening being the storage facility for Maggs Brothers just outside of London. We were allowed to explore their huge warehouse freely, which allowed for serendipitous discoveries like a handwritten note by Charles Dickens tucked inside one of his books and so much more.

I returned to LRBS in 2017 taking two courses: *The History of Book Illustration* and *The Medieval Book*. For *The History of Book Illustration* we started and ended our week at Senate House, but spent the three mid-week days at The National Art Library (Victoria & Albert Museum) and the Prints and Drawings Study Room (also part of the Victoria & Albert Museum). The course facilitators were Elizabeth James, Senior Librarian at the National Art Library, and Rowan Watson, formerly Senior Curator at the National Art Library, who now teaches courses on the History of the Book at the University of London and is a regular at the London Rare Book School.

This course followed a chronological path through the post-medieval period of European book illustration, focusing on the developments in printing and printmaking technology. It included lectures, with “object-based sessions,” following almost immediately. This was immensely gratifying. To learn about the Nuremberg Chronicles, the innovations in integrating text and illustration, and the documentation that surrounded its creation, and to then see the book (actually two versions of the book) really deepened the experience, making this was one of my favorite courses.

The Medieval Book course was taught by Michelle P. Brown, a well-known scholar, and Rowan Watson. The seminars were held predominantly at Senate House, with field trips to the British Library, Senate House Library, and the National Art Library (Victoria and Albert Museum). I was particularly interested in this course beforehand because of the manuscript fragments that we have at Western Libraries and it was an exciting course. We learned the process of production, the terminology and methodology for cataloging, supplemented with field trips to see examples of manuscripts. The course was delightful but slightly more weighted towards lectures with a little less exposure to actual manuscripts.



London Rare Book School field trip to the British Museum.

Last summer (2018) I again attended for two weeks taking *Color Printing I: 1400-1800* and *The Early Modern Book in England*.

Color Printing I: 1400-1800 was organized by Dr. Elizabeth Savage who is a lecturer and British Academy Postdoctoral Fellow in Book History and Communications at the University of London. This class included a full day of “practicals,” or “object based” instruction (hands on) at St. Bride’s Foundation. We learned about the print processes, observed it being done and then each class member had an opportunity to engage in actual printing on a variety of early print presses. Needless to say that can get messy! But experiential, hands-on learning is also exhilarating. St. Bride’s has several presses which are either original or replicas of standard early presses, including Gutenberg’s!¹¹

The lectures traced the chronological development of printing as well as geographic (national) characteristics. In addition to St. Bride’s we had field trips to the British Library, Wellcome Library, and the British Museum Prints and Drawings department. By the end of the week we were expected to be able to identify relief, intaglio, and planographic printing (lithography), as well as the practice of etching and engraving. We had also experienced multi-color printing, and the actual process of letter press printing.

The Early Modern Book in England was led by Arnold Hunt and Giles Mandelbrote. Dr. Hunt is a lecturer in Early Modern British History and Fellow of Girton, University of Cambridge, and Giles Mandelbrote is currently librarian and archivist at Lambeth Palace Library.

This course was my all-time favorite! It was phenomenal. And the course for which I finely braved doing an essay. It seemed to bring together many threads from the other courses that I had taken previously and I really began

to see how book history provided an exciting way to approach the study of the past. To learn about the production, distribution and consumption of a book, takes one into the midst of the world in which the book was created—the social, political, economic, legal and religious elements of that world. And in examining the marks of ownership and/or annotations one gains insights into each generation in which the book lived. Having an undergraduate degree in history, this really excited me. The book is a tangible piece of history, and when viewed that way it becomes a primary source document.

Prior to this course I think I preferred clean texts, I wasn't really interested in annotations left by others. But to find markings such as "manicules,"² in a book 300-400 years old is exciting! What in the text interested those who made these marks, and why? This was so exciting that I decided to sign up to do an essay and receive credit for the course. I knew that this would more deeply instill all that I had learned.

My essay topic was *The portraiture of His Sacred Majesty in his solitudes and sufferings*, written by Charles I, King of England, 1600-1649 (or John Gauden, an English cleric, who claimed authorship after the Restoration). Western Libraries has a copy of this book in its Rare Book Collection, which had been donated by a prominent local family in February 1938. Upon examining the book I found it had clear marks of ownership, and had been a gift on at least one occasion, possibly from a mother to her daughter. Most exciting to me were the manicules, which showed evidence of reading and engagement with the text. I used this book to walk back through all that I had learned, which added tremendously to my overall experience.

Another bonus to writing an essay was the chance to experience the British educational system. Essays are turned in without a name attached, and they are read and graded by two different readers. Readers then have to agree on the grade (or mark), and a feedback sheet is returned to the student. We were allowed two months to write the essay, and the graders had two months to complete marking of the essays. This was a very different experience from what I have experienced here in the States. Still, it was very rewarding and I hope to do one again.

Another thing that I have really enjoyed about LRBS is that many people return each year and you really feel a sense of community. We share our woes when we are writing our essays and check to see who has gotten their grades. We let each other know when the next year's courses have been posted, and when and what we have registered for and arrange to get together for dinner on the nights when nothing else is scheduled. It's a very supportive group. And yes, I'm again signed up for two courses in 2019!



About the author:

Tamara Belts is the Special Collections Manager at Western Libraries (WWU). She holds an undergraduate degree in history from Western Washington University and a graduate degree in library and information science from San Jose State University. She is passionate about books and Britain! She has a very eclectic book collection which includes a complete set of Jane Austen's novels published by The Folio Society, with fore-edge paintings by Martin Frost.

Notes:

1. The “Gutenberg,” is a replica made based on a contemporary drawing by Albrecht Durer, who is believed to have been familiar with the original press.
2. Manicules are pointing hands which mark, or draw attention to a section of text.

Adventures in (Book) Learning: The Colorado Antiquarian Book Seminar

By Whitney Buccicone

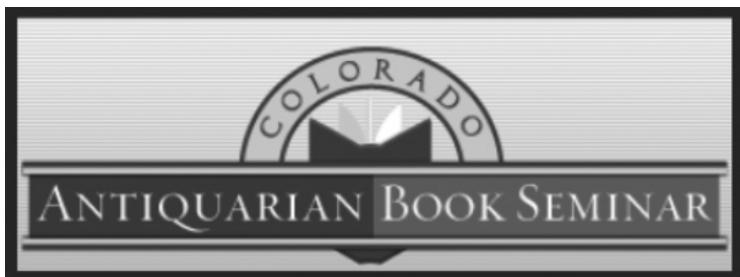
The Colorado Antiquarian Book Seminar (referred to as CABS) is a week-long, intensive seminar held in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Taught by booksellers, collectors, and respected members from different special collections libraries, the Seminary provides an amazing opportunity.

As a special collections librarian, I applied to receive the Dan DeSimone Library Scholarship and was lucky enough to receive it. The scholarship covered room, board, and registration, which, as an early career librarian, allowed me an opportunity I otherwise could not have afforded. CABS offers multiple scholarships every year which allows folks from many different walks of life to experience this workshop.

I was asked repeatedly how or why CABS would matter to a librarian. I responded that if you love books, you should go to CABS just to hear other perspectives about books and their readers. As a library worker and, more specifically, a cataloger, CABS was a way for me to hear how booksellers do their research. The Seminar offered me a perspective that, as I was learning from booksellers first hand, I would not have otherwise been able to appreciate.

The structure was primarily lectures given by members of the remarkable faculty. Brian Cassidy gave fascinating talks about the business side of bookselling, while Garrett Scott emphasized the importance of having a brand for your business and what reputation means in bookselling. The infamous Terry Belanger delved into the history of the book and printing in his too few and much too short lectures. Terry teaches a Rare Book School course that for many years I have applied to enter, but have never been able to experience. CABS allowed me to see a small fraction of what he teaches in that course.

What really made the week for me were the women instructors. Catherine Reagan, of Cornell University, detailed what is needed to build relationships with curators of special collections and what the future of cataloging in libraries might become. She was able to draw the lines between bookselling and special collections in a way that truly opened the eyes of the booksellers in the audience. Heather O'Donnell, of Honey & Wax Books, was one of the highlights of my week. Her style of teaching was example-based and there was not



Logo for the Colorado Book Seminar.

a question asked that she could not answer.

Since CABS, I have approached Heather with several questions, only to be met with a joyful hello and a helpful answer. Her experience in bookselling, especially in the designing of catalogs, advertising on social media and the provision of direct quotes, and more, was a wonderful view into a world previously unknown to this cataloger.



Heather O'Donnell of Honey & Wax Books

Sophie Schneideman, from across the pond in London, gave the class an introduction to the international side of the business and confronted the attendees with the reality of being a woman in the book trade. She started an important conversation that was uncomfortable for many in the class, but, in talking with other female attendees afterwards, each of us agreed that we were grateful for her bravery. Sophie's employment with Maggs Bros. before her entrepreneurial spirit drove her to start

her own business, and provided us all with the story of a fascinating journey that I was so appreciative of her sharing.

Another highlight of the week was the team of Rob Rulon-Miller and Lorne Bair. To describe Rob in one word is extremely difficult. To call him jolly demeans his intelligence. To call him gruff denies him his approachability. The name Rulon-Miller goes back for decades in the trade and one can easily become intimidated by it. But meeting Rob (and talking to him when he is at Seattle's Antiquarian Book Fair) is an experience that makes you appreciate the world of rare books in a different way. He has stories about his failures in the business that he shared willingly with students. We all know he's been successful, but he is not braggadocios about it. When a student shared that he spent too much money on something only to discover he'd been duped, Rob laughed and guided us to a table with a dozen or so books, where he instructed us to price them. At the end of the week, he told us that the table held some of his own mistakes.

Rob ran CABS for years before turning it over to Lorne Bair, a bookseller in Virginia. Lorne and Rob are a pair who throughout the week tease, challenge, and dare each other every day. Their relationship set the tone for the week and demonstrated the importance of relationships in the trade. I don't have enough words left to say everything I want to about Lorne so I'll simply say this: Lorne is a gracious kind person who made me feel welcome every day. I was one of three librarians who attended my session of CABS and the high

Colorado altitude hit me hard. Each day, Lorne checked in on me to see how I was doing and to push me to speak more. It would have been easy to ignore the quiet librarian at the back of the room, but he didn't. Through his instruction and kindness, he's earned a customer for life (which my bank account is not happy about, but he does sell the most amazing things).

What made the week most enjoyable was the camaraderie amongst the faculty and their willingness to tell all. One would be at the podium delivering the lecture and others would line up at a microphone to tell a story or push the presenter's line of thinking. At every lunch, attendees have the opportunity to sit with a different faculty member in a group with of 4-5 other students, offering each of us a chance to delve deeper into the morning's lectures or pepper each other with horror stories from the field. Each day was made even more unique through that experience.

What will you get from attending CABS? For five days, you have access to faculty members who have been in the trade with over 100 years of collective experience. For five days, there is no such thing as stupid questions. The faculty are there to answer any question you may have and they want to tell you everything, from the smallest detail of cataloging an item to their failures and what they would have done differently. They are there to hear about your own failures as well, and to give advice on what they think you might do differently the next time.

CABS provides the opportunity to spend quality time with established and up-and-coming booksellers sitting in the chairs right next to you. Time spent at CABS is indeed time well spent. If you have the money and the time, CABS is a worthwhile trip for any collector, bookseller, or librarian. Even if you don't think you have the money, there are more than twenty full and partial scholarships available, offered not only by the seminar itself but by a variety of generous sponsors (all listed on the scholarships link on the CABS website www.bookseminars.com).



About the author:

Whitney Buccicone is currently the Special Collections Cataloging Librarian at the University of Washington. She holds two Master's degrees from Indiana University: one in Library Science and the other in Arts Administration. Her research interests includes management of personnel and collections in Special Collections departments and libraries. In her personal life, she is a bibliophile who collects the writings of women of color, comic books and graphic novels, and books with heavy readership marks.

Every Book Tells a Story

By Debra L. Cox

I had been longing to attend a rare book school for three years, ever since I started my new job in Special Collections at Seattle Public Library as their cataloger. Many courses were of interest to me, but the course entitled *Rare Book Cataloging* being offered through the California Rare Book School in particular had caught my eye. A generous tuition scholarship from California antiquarian book dealer and Book Club of Washington member Kenneth Karmiole, a continuing education grant from the Washington State Library, and additional support from SPL finally made it possible to attend.

But I was scared to death. Would I be the slowest? Would I be left pitifully behind? For sure I would be the oldest (I was right about that one). But I was horrified to find myself caught up again in old and familiar graduate-school anxiety dreams. I'm sure you know the ones: you are late for the test. Or you are in the wrong classroom. Or, worst of all, the test is a complete surprise.

But no worries were necessary. One of the brilliant things about Rare Book School is that somehow they managed to gather a group of nine librarians with almost exactly the same level of experience and, importantly, the same level of cataloging anxiety. We were, so to speak, all on the same page. First-day introductions quickly established that we all had the same goal: to overcome our lack of confidence while cataloging rare materials for our institutions. There were nine of us in the class, librarians from the Bay Area and southern California, from Colorado and Iowa, and me from the wilds of the Pacific Northwest. Another brilliant aspect of the experience was that the course required a mountain of reading and introductory exercises to be completed and submitted before anyone boarded a plane, drove a car, or stepped onto BART. By the time we gathered in a conference room in The Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley, we were fully prepared and ready to take the plunge.

Randal S. Brandt, Head of Cataloging at The Bancroft Library, located at UC Berkeley, guided us step-by-step through the vagaries, eccentricities, and mysteries of letterpress books. His cart of “teaching” books had every kind of example we might face in our cataloging. Each student was given a couple of books to become acquainted with throughout the week, anticipating the last day, which was the day we would spend in a “cataloging practicum,” creating a real catalog record for our books. (Of course, he switched the books around the morning of that last day—did I mention anxiety dreams?)

A word about catalogers: we are very focused. Sitting around a table, surrounded by old books, carefully determining the bibliographical format (quarto? octavo? duodecimo?), collation (more about that later), and puzzling through title page transcription challenges such as: *La picara, or, The triumphs of female subtlety: display'd in the artifices and impostures of a beautiful wom-*

an, who trapp'd the most experienc'd rogues, and made all those unhappy who thought her handsome: originally a Spanish relation, enriched with three pleasant novels must seem quite insane to the casual observer. But to catalogers, this is heaven. And, when the correct MARC records are displayed on a screen in a darkened room full of catalogers, nobody falls asleep!

This was my first opportunity to stay in Berkeley. I looked forward to exploring the area with its fine restaurants, bookstores, an historic campus, a little shopping, and maybe even popping over to San Francisco. None of that happened. None. We had homework. Every night. My dining experiences consisted of glancing at menus posted in the doorways of the numerous restaurants I passed during my long morning walk to campus, and then choosing one from which to order take-out on my walk back to the hotel in the evening.

No worries, though. I never felt sorry for myself. Rare Book School is intense. I get it. But do you know what else I got to understand more fully, thanks to Rare Book School? Collation!

Two years ago, while attending the Colorado Antiquarian Book Seminar, I was introduced to the grammar of collation. Collation formulas (also called “signatures”) express the physical attributes of a book, recording how the printed leaves were meant to be folded and gathered for binding.

As collation guru (and founder of Rare Book School) Terry Bellanger stated during his lecture at CABS, it’s like “looking over the shoulder of the creator of the book.” For me, it was like being a deer caught in headlights - there appeared to be math involved! After CABS, I put collation out of my mind. Instead, I clung to another statement made by one of the faculty at CABS: “Nobody bothers with collation anymore.”

Well maybe, but not at Rare Book School. Collation-day was fast approaching, according to the syllabus. I was a little worried, but having already experienced several days of Randal’s patient and careful instruction, I was confident I would be OK.

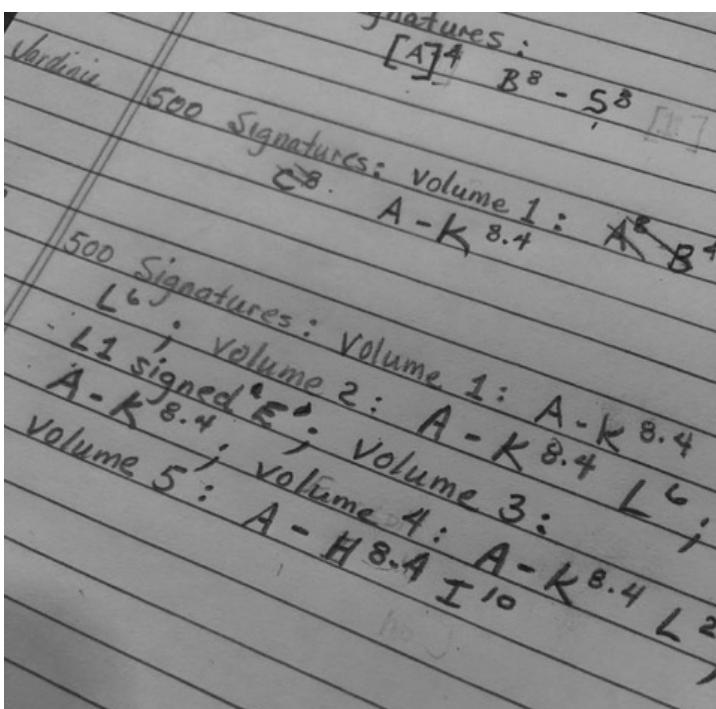
As I mentioned, the formula is constructed to describe the leaves and gatherings, how the pages are assembled and in what order, thereby enabling one to track changes that may have been made by the printer. Here is an extreme example, describing Shakespeare’s First Folio:

[superscript pi]A⁶([superscript pi]A₁₊₁ [superscript pi]A_{5+1.2}) A-2B⁶
2C² a-g⁶ [superscript chi]2g⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ “gg3.4”(±”gg3”) [par.]₋₂[par.]⁶
3[par.]₁ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² “Gg⁶” 2h⁶ 2k-3b⁶

A description like this allows the Folger Library, for example, to distinguish between quartos and folios, express how many pages were assembled in what order, and, most importantly, to track the changes printers made to the texts.

We had nowhere near such complexities in the books we were working

with, but they were still challenging. And by constructing collation formulas using this new grammar exposed inconsistencies which otherwise could have been overlooked: mistakes in the assembling of the signatures, missing pages, later additions, etc.



Mastering the complexities of book collation.

down important quotes that I hear from participants and instructors. Looking over my notes from CABS, in addition to the “nobody bothers with collation” quote, I found I had written down the following quotations: “The history of bookbinding is the history of degradation of structure” and “A lot of auctioneers are crooks.”

My California Rare Book School notes include just one very important quote: “Catalogers are nice people.” Within the context of this quote, Randal spoke about the generosity of catalogers, their willingness to share knowledge and advice, notebooks, references, email addresses and websites. There is no territorial imperative or proprietary knowledge. Catalogers are generous in their sharing. I returned with notebooks, charts, and guides that I use nearly every day in my cataloging. And even taken out of context, the quote is still quite true.

Because of the California Rare Book School during the summer of 2018, I came away with a new, confident attitude towards our rare book collection at Seattle Public Library. I know how to “read” our books and their catalog records. I can create and enhance the library’s existing catalog records, which previously had intimidated me. And if I can’t figure it out, I have contact information for members of the cataloging community who are always so

Once the collation for my book was done and approved by Randal, I quickly texted a photo of my formula to my sister, relating to her my giddy excitement. I could only imagine (but later confirmed) her puzzled expression. Her return text said simply “Congratulations.” Now when I look back, in my mind I always title that day as “The Triumph of Collation.”

When I attend a course or a conference, I make it a habit to write



Cataloguers really are nice people!

willing to help and to share. But I think my favorite learning experience from RBS is the depth to which I can now describe a book. I learned that the physical book can have as much historical importance as its contents. Antiquarian books are historic artifacts, and I learned that every book, indeed, tells a story.

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About the author:

Debra Cox is the Special Collections cataloger at the Seattle Public Library.

Ten Years at a Rare Book School

By Michael Taylor

Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Woodrow Wilson had at least two things in common. They were all booklovers, and they were all Virginians. It seems appropriate, then, that Rare Book School, an independent institute supporting the study of book history and related subjects, now makes its home on the beautiful campus of the University of Virginia, which Jefferson himself laid out in the years following his presidency.

Approximately forty week-long seminars covering topics as wide-ranging as medieval manuscripts, Native American books, and born-digital materials are regularly taught. Training is also offered in various aspects of special collections librarianship, including cataloging, digitization, and collection management. Attendees come from across the United States and around the world, as do Rare Book School's many distinguished faculty members. In recent years, RBS has been expanding the number of courses offered at "satellite" institutions such as the Library of Congress, the Library Company of Philadelphia, and even places as far afield as my alma mater, Indiana University. This not only makes it possible for more students to attend, but also takes advantage of collections well suited to the teaching of a particular topic. Although RBS does not award degrees, in 2011 it began offering certificates to formally recognize students who have taken at least five courses (I obtained the Certificate of General Proficiency in 2015; specialized certificates are also awarded). Whether you are a student, scholar, librarian, or collector, Rare Book School is sure to expand your appreciation of the written word in all its forms, and of the never-ending work that goes into preserving it for future generations.

I began attending Rare Book School ten years ago, in the summer of 2009, and have taken a total of six courses so far. The first, "Western Manuscripts and Documents, 1500-2000," was taught by Nicolas Barker, longtime editor of *The Book Collector*. The course concentrated on the history of European and American handwriting. Working with original manuscripts from UVA's collections, students explored the stories behind major styles of handwriting which have developed since the Renaissance. Some styles, we learned, served a very precise function. Court hand, for example, was used in English law courts from the Middle Ages until the early eighteenth century. Anyone not trained to read it would have found it almost illegible. An in-class activity using early English indentures inspired me to go home and teach myself to read secretary hand, a script common between about 1500 and 1700. Knowing how to decipher it has been useful to me from time to time, both as a special collections librarian and as an amateur genealogist, (I recently transcribed the will of one of my ancestors, written in secretary hand in North Carolina in 1733). The course also touched on the social history of handwriting, with students learning, for

example, that George Washington (another Virginian) deliberately cultivated a somewhat careless style of writing to signify his status as a gentleman. Expert penmanship, though beautiful, was then largely associated with tradesmen, Washington's social inferiors.

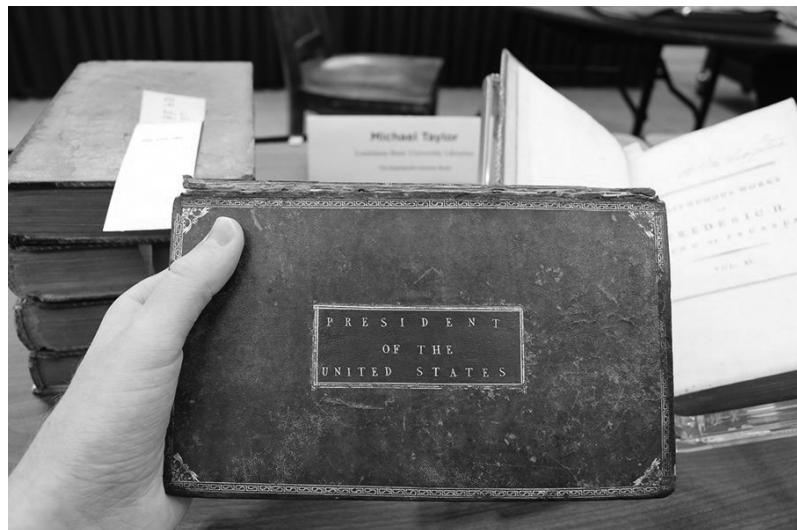
In 2011, I took a course on the history of illustration. Instructor Erin Blake of the Folger Shakespeare Library gave an overview of Western illustration processes from the fifteenth century to the present. Items I especially enjoyed seeing include Albrecht Dürer's *Apocalypse*, several of William Blake's "illuminated" books, wood engravings by Thomas Bewick, and William Morris's *Kelmscott Chaucer*. Two years later, I enrolled in a very different course, "Developing Collections: Donors, Libraries, and Booksellers." It was co-taught by Tom Congalton, owner of Between the Covers Rare Books, Johan Kugelberg, a curator and pop culture consultant based in New York City, and Katherine Reagan, a librarian at Cornell. Issues we discussed included how to determine the aesthetic, market, and research value of collections, which, of course, are not always the same. One lesson that has stuck with me from the discussion is that the pricing of rare books is subject to whim and that expensive books are not automatically the most useful or desirable. An ideal purchase, in fact, might be a book that costs less than \$100 but has a lot of teaching, research, and exhibition value. In contrast, a \$200,000 signed first edition of *Ulysses*, prestigious as it may be, is unlikely to repay the investment, unless we consider the possibility that having a collection rich in "treasures" will attract potential donors. The course also covered the changing cultural landscape, emphasizing the need to collect late-twentieth and twenty-first-century pop culture materials. As part of this discussion, students evaluated and interpreted several boxes of unprocessed materials from Cornell's Hip Hop Collection.

Despite its name, Rare Book School offers courses on archives and even electronic resources. I attended one such course in 2014. Taught by archivists Jackie Dooley and Bill Landis, "Introduction to Archives for Special Collections Librarians" was held at Yale University and involved tours of various archival facilities, including the world-renowned Beinecke Library. I particularly enjoyed getting to process a small archival collection. We also talked about the challenges and benefits of archiving born-digital materials, especially information on social media sites. Sadly, this topic was very much in the news at the time. A few days earlier, Malaysia Airlines Flight 17 had been shot down over Ukraine en route from Amsterdam to Kuala Lumpur. Web archivists were able to recover deleted social media posts providing evidence that pro-Russian separatists were responsible for the tragedy. Archives, it is important to remember, are not only about studying things that happened long ago; they can also hold people today accountable for their actions.

In terms of the sheer number of beautiful and historically significant books I was able to encounter, the seminar I attended on "The Eighteenth-Century

Book” was my favorite. The setting, too, was hard to beat: the Library of Congress. Mark Dimunation, chief of the library’s Rare Books and Special Collections Division, conducted an immensely entertaining survey of materials related to topics such as the rise of scientific illustration, the development of encyclopedias and dictionaries, and the emergence of modern literary forms (including the novel). Fine bindings and elaborate plate books shared the stage with humble almanacs and chapbooks. Many of the items shown were from the

collection of noted American bibliophile Lessing Rosenwald. Others have belonged to the Library of Congress for most if not all of its history. A highlight of the experience for me was getting to handle books from George Washington’s personal library.



George Washington's copy of the works of Frederick the Great, now held by the Library of Congress.

Students also enjoyed a special tour of Thomas Jefferson’s library, which he sold to Congress to replace the collection burned by the British in the War of 1812. Nearly two-thirds of Jefferson’s collection was lost in a second fire in 1851, but library staff are now recreating it, and it is on display in a special gallery. As with most of the courses I have attended at Rare Book School, my fellow students came from different backgrounds. There were librarians, graduate students, collectors, and even a few professors. The variety of perspectives enriched our class discussions. I also picked up ideas for items to acquire for the library where I worked at the time.

In 2018, I returned to Rare Book School’s main campus in Charlottesville for the “Special Collections Leadership Seminar,” led by Naomi Nelson, director of the Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Duke University. The course was a chance for students to practice thinking like a library dean or director. Guest speakers shared their personal experiences in an open and honest way that I found helpful. The discussion touched on the fact that most university presidents, provosts, and other high-level administrators care little about libraries’ daily dilemmas, which are usually minor in comparison to the other challenges universities face. If librarians expect to get administrators’ attention and support, they must show how their needs relate to the things that keep administrators up at night. Declining admissions. Attracting and retain-

ing great faculty and students. Generating revenue through gifts and grants. Helping students find jobs. Demonstrating the real-world value of higher ed. Supporting extended education. Diversity (as the country becomes more diverse, universities do not want to lose progressively more tuition dollars by not adapting to changing demographics). Libraries, it turns out, can play a part in overcoming all these challenges. Making that clear in appeals for support is crucial. Other topics that the seminar covered included working with development officers, managing budgets, assessment and metrics, and having difficult conversations.

Apart from adding to my professional knowledge, my visits to Rare Book School have also been a chance to network with colleagues and simply soak up the historic surroundings. (On one trip to UVA, I stayed in one of the university's original dorm rooms dating back to 1819. It was July and the lack of air conditioning took the "authenticity" of the experience to a new level, but it was worth it. It was fun, too, to realize that my room was just a few doors down from the room Edgar Allan Poe occupied during his time as a student at UVA in the 1820s.) No matter where your course is taught, Rare Book School is a bibliographic paradise that you will benefit from having visited for many years to come. I cannot recommend it highly enough.



About the author

Michael Taylor is Special Collections Librarian at Western Washington University. He holds graduate degrees in history and library science from Indiana University and has received additional training from Rare Book School (University of Virginia) and California Rare Book School (UCLA). Located in historic Wilson Library, WWU's Special Collections is a unit of the library's Division of Heritage Resources, which works to support teaching, learning, and research through documenting the history of our community, region, and world.



THE STORY OF THE POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATION OF FREDERIC CAILLIAUD

W. Benson Harer

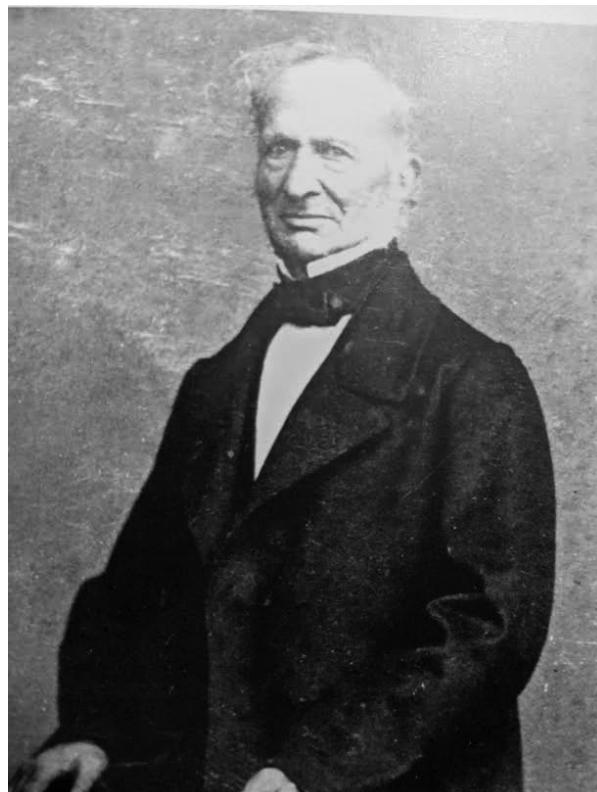
Wow! What had I gotten myself into? I was sitting in my library in 2007 contemplating an expensive, ultra-rare book of Egyptology plates and the unpublished manuscript for the text to accompany it. The latter was about 1000 pages of cramped cursive script and 80+ illustrations in various states of production. It was a romantic conceit for me to think I could actually publish it. If Frederic Cailliaud failed to publish his manuscript with over thirty years to do it, and then his son didn't do it, what made me think that I could? Now I had had it in my home for two years and was in despair. Two French fluent friends found reading the aged script too daunting a task. Not one to give up easily, I did finally achieve my goal, but only with a lot of help, and it took almost a decade to complete it.

PART I: The Person

Frederic Cailliaud (1787-1869) was born in Nantes. His father was a master locksmith, but Frederic was more interested in drawing, mineralogy and jewelry. He moved to Paris in 1809 to further pursue training in jewelry making and drawing. Both skills would later serve him well.

His world travels started in 1811 as he worked his way through Europe to Greece. A contact there got him a position in Istanbul with Ottoman Sultan Mohammad II. There he set precious stones to enhance the sword sheaths of foreign guests.

His next destination would be Egypt. He was inspired by the work of Napoleon's savants, an assortment of scholars and engineers who accompanied Napoleon's army in 1798 to study Egypt with the expectation of exploiting it as a French colony.



Frederic Cailliaud circa 1860.

They are actually credited with starting the field of Egyptology. In 1815 he traveled to Cairo and met the French Consul Bernardino Drovetti, who was busily acquiring antiquities which he sold and now are in museums in Turin, Berlin and the Louvre.

Drovetti invited Cailliaud to accompany him on a journey to Upper Egypt as far as Wadi Haifa, which now marks the Southern-most border of Egypt with Sudan. During this trip he began recording his travels with copious notes and copies of the illustrations he found on the walls of tombs and other sites. His recordings, like the artists of the day, were intended to be equivalent to a photographic record of the modern era. Drovetti also introduced him to the Khedive, Mohammed Ali, who was the Ottoman viceroy and ruled Egypt. Ali was eager to upgrade Egypt into modern times. He retained Cailliaud as a mineralogist. Cailliaud then persuaded the Khedive to give him permission to explore the Eastern Desert to find the emerald mines of the ancient Egyptians. He had leeway to explore and collect on his own.

With two native helpers he set out. First, he visited Luxor and amassed a large quantity of antiquities. When Napoleon's savants visited the ancient sites they were unwelcome invaders who required constant military protection and were always pressed for time. In contrast, Cailliaud was traveling on the Khedive's business and was treated with respect. He could take all the time he needed to make meticulous drawings and maintain accurate records. He explored the Eastern Desert, the Siwa Oasis. He found and mapped the ancient quarries and dug out several pounds of emeralds. He also explored the Kharga Oasis and was the first to record the Temple of Dush. He returned to Cairo and presented ten pounds of emeralds to the delighted Khedive. Then he decided it was time to take his treasures back to France and report his findings.

In 1818 he returned to Paris to a hero's welcome. He brought hundreds of objects which were ultimately distributed to many sites in France. This was the greatest hoard to come to France since the return of Napoleon's savants. The editor of Napoleon's *Description de l'Egypte*, Emile Jomard, befriended him and recognized his work as an important extension of those of the savants. Jomard helped him get the government to publish a monumental account of his ventures: *Travels in the Oasis of Thebes and in the Deserts Situated East and West of the Thebiad*.

Upon Jomard's advice, the government purchased all of his antiquities and drawings. Then the French government commissioned him to return to Egypt to explore sites that the savants had not recorded. They specially wanted data on the five oases of the Western Desert and the Upper Nile into what is now Sudan. A naval cartographer, Pierre-Constant Lecorze, would accompany him.

Cailliaud arrived back to Egypt in October 1819. Eager to obtain gold and jewels, Mohammed Ali readily granted permission and provided him a

team of about 150 men to accompany him. He crossed the desert to reach Siwa Oasis on the border of modern Libya. This area was so remote that the khedive's protection was not recognized, but he successfully related to the local resident tribes and recorded the Temple of Jupiter-Amon where the oracle declared Alexander the Great to be the son of Amon, thus legitimizing his rule as Pharaoh. Then he went on to explore the other Oases of the Eastern Desert, Kharga, Dakla and Farafra.

Cailliaud soon learned that the Khedive was sending his son, Ismail Pasha, to lead an army into the Sudan to secure its resources for Egypt. This provided an opportunity to explore the Southern Nile. The Khedive wanted Cailliaud to find gold and minerals in the territory south of Khartoum. Unfortunately, he was required to follow the army, and he found it necessary to buy his own boat to accompany them.

He first spent a few months in Luxor to record more tombs and acquire more antiquities. He built a storage facility to house them. While most Europeans were solely after treasure, Cailliaud was interested in mundane objects, too. He wanted to be able to picture the ordinary daily life of ancient Egypt and its inhabitants, a unique perspective for the time.

In August of 1820 he went on to Aswan to meet the military expedition. On arrival there he was stunned to find that other Europeans in the entourage had plotted to invalidate his papers. He was forced to race to Cairo to get his documents reaffirmed and then return to join the army. This apparent setback actually ended up benefiting him as he was able to take his time to adequately explore and document the forts and temples up the Nile to Kerma. They then joined the expedition at Jebel Barkal, once the southern-most border of the Egyptian Empire under Tutmoses III. His Italian rivals had (mistakenly) declared it to be the site of ancient Meroe.

As the army pressed on to the South, Cailliaud gained permission to go prospecting on his own for gold and jewels. He and Lorenze adopted native dress and Arab pseudonyms to minimize attracting attention. This was a less successful hunt for treasure, but it was an outstanding success for exploration as they were the first to discover the authentic site of Meroe for which they have been duly credited. Meroe was the capitol of the Kingdom of Kush, whose kings had conquered Egypt and ruled as the pharaohs of the 25th Dynasty.

Disappointed by the failure to find exploitable gold deposits, in Spring of 1822, Ismail sent Cailliaud back to Cairo to deliver what gold he had found and request permission from the Khedive for the army to return. Once again good fortune smiled on Cailliaud: not long after his departure in October of 1822, Ismail held a banquet to celebrate his military success. During the banquet, a former king of the region surrounded the celebration and burned the participants to death in their tents!

On his journey back, Cailliaud continued to record all he observed. The two adventurers then went again to Luxor to recuperate and record more tombs. He apparently succumbed to the temptation to pry decorated plaster from the walls of the tomb of Neferhotep. They are now on display at the Louvre.

In October of 1822, at the age of 32, Cailliaud returned to France permanently, bringing with him about 500 objects. Some of them can be seen today in the Museum of Natural History in Nantes, where he became the director. With support of the French government, he published *Travels to Meroe and the White Nile*, a substantial account of his adventures with four volumes of text, three of plates, and an atlas. The latter are splendid and present accurate depictions, as was expected of an accomplished artist in those days before photography. In 1824 he was awarded the prestigious Legion of Honor.

Cailliaud planned to publish one last two volume work, *The Arts and Crafts of the Ancient Egyptians, Nubians and Ethiopians*. About 100 copies of Volume II with all the plates, was printed in the early 1830s. Unfortunately, the house holding them collapsed and all but about 50 copies were destroyed. For whatever reason, Cailliaud never got around to publishing Volume I with the texts before his death in 1869.

He returned to work at the Natural History Museum in Nantes where he further established himself as an expert in minerals and mollusks. Surprisingly, he never actually thought of himself as an Egyptologist. Many of the samples he collected are still displayed there in the cases which Cailliaud had specially made for them. His antiquities were distributed to many French museums, especially to the Musee Dobree in Nantes, and the Louvre and Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. The result was that the whole of his collection was never recognized for its importance, and he, his collection and his work all faded from the Egyptology scene.

PART II: The Publication

My wife Pamela and I have always enjoyed the book fairs in London. She invariably harvested a couple dozen or more early children's books. I considered any more than two to be a bonanza. And thus it was in Russel Square in 2005 that I inquired about anything on Egyptology. The dealer said he did have one item he considered very interesting, but it was in French. I am totally daunted by French, but always easily intrigued, so I asked to see it. He produced a magnificent volume of plates printed and bound about 183, *Recherches sur les arts et métiers, les usages de la vie civile et domestique des anciens peuples de l'Égypte, de la Nubie et de l'Éthiopie: suivies de détails sur les moeurs et coutumes des peuples modernes des mêmes contrées, Volume II*, by Frederic Cailliaud.

Unfortunately, Volume I with the text had never been published, BUT he

had the manuscript! The latter was an extraordinary mélange of notebooks and loose sheets of paper and printed announcements or other documents with his manuscript written mostly in pencil on the reverse. There were proofs of pictures in the book, as well as fascinating preliminary stages which Cailliaud had coded in the field to indicate colors. I also found some pictures that for some reason, Cailliaud chose not to include in the volume published.

Apparently, paper was a scarce commodity for Cailliaud during his travels. When every bit of space in his notebooks was full, he wrote on whatever blank sheet he could find. At the time he was making his notes, the pencil had only recently been invented by one of Napoleon's savants, Nicholas-Jacques Conte. The pencil was a godsend for them as travelling and writing with a quill pen and ink would have been a tedious burden. I really enjoyed looking at it all, but it was expensive, so I prudently moved on.

I woke up the next day thinking about this collection and how nice it would be to see it finally published. I usually do not make a major purchase without sleeping on it, but now I had slept on it and decided I had to have it. Little did I realize what a challenge I had presented myself.

Subsequently, I mulled over my acquisition for a couple years, trying to formulate a strategy to get this little-known work translated and published. The pages were carefully identified, but their order had been scrambled over the years. It was tedious work, but I did get them in order. I asked a couple French-fluent friends to try to read Cailliaud's cramped cursive script. They declared it too daunting. It would take forever.

Then in 2007 I thought of the late May Trad. May was a Lebanese scholar who had worked in the Museum in Cairo for decades. She grew up speaking French and Arabic. She had spent years transcribing and translating the century old work of French scholars such as Gaston Maspero, who was the first head of the Antiquities Service and opened the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. I painstakingly photocopied all the material and sent a few pages to May to try to read. "No challenge," she said. She would convert it all into readable print with her aged computer. She, too, wanted to see the production of this work realized. She staunchly refused my efforts to pay her, but she would accept a replacement for her old slow computer. Over the next year she used her spare time to complete the task.

Gerry Scott, the Director of the American Research Center in Egypt (ARCE), took an interest in the project. He presented it to the publications department at the American University in Cairo (AUC). They also expressed some interest, pending evaluation of the final product. Gerry was a critical source to identify the people with the skills to bring it all together. I am grateful to him for shepherding the work along.

Gerry introduced me to a recently minted PhD in Egyptology who was

working at ARCE. Andrew Bednarski is French Canadian and effortlessly bilingual. He had the language skills and the scholarly requirements necessary to produce a high-quality translation. Drew also researched the life of Cailliaud and provided me much of the information in the first part of this article.

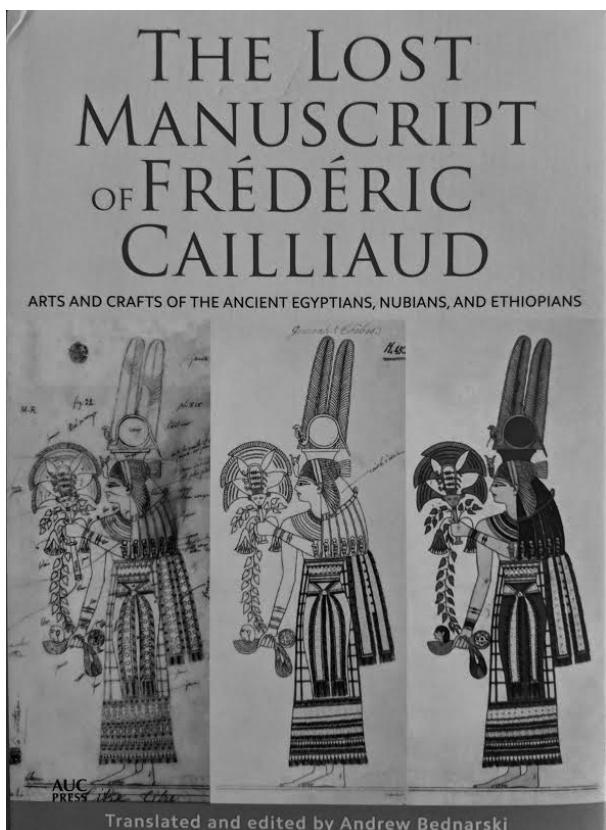
In the course of his research Drew became acquainted with Phillippe Mainterot, a French Egyptologist who was writing his doctoral dissertation on the life of Cailliaud and at that time was working at the Natural History Museum in Nantes where Cailliaud had spent his final years. In 2010 I joined Drew in a trip to Nantes to meet Phillippe. We were able to collaborate to fill gaps in our knowledge. Phillippe wrote the opening chapter of our book with a review of the Life, travels and works of Cailliaud. The Nantes museum director, Pierre Watelet, graciously opened the museum archives to us and ultimately provided the prologue for our book.

As the pieces of this more complex than expected project fell into place, I needed high quality professional photographs for reproduction. Fortunately, expert photographer Gustavo Camps, was willing to bring the equipment to set up a studio in my Seattle condominium and spend a couple days

meticulously documenting all the graphic material. Gustavo is married to well-known Egyptologist, Janice Kamrin, and was very sympathetic in meeting the demands of the task. Successful high definition reproduction of the plates was critical to achieve the high quality desired for the final book.

I wrote a brief forward to the book with some discussion of how I acquired it. However, the history of the manuscript itself is murky. Upon Cailliaud's death in 1869, the manuscript was inherited by his son who hoped to publish it. Where it then resided for the about the next century is unknown. The London book dealer, Sims Reed, bought it at auction in 2002, where it was presented as the property of an American physician.

With all the pieces finally as-



The cover of the book as published by AUC Press. This splendid example of the evolution of one of the plates shows how Cailliaud's drawing made in the field was transformed into the final hand water-colored print.



An intermediate stage proof of one of the plates which Cailliaud did not include in the final publication. It shows a cartouche to be added and other instructions for the final print.

sembled early in 2012, it was time to find a publisher. We presented it to AUC Press, and they accepted it for publication. I provided a modest subvention to expedite publication at a very high-quality press in China. The work was finally on the bookshelves in 2014. It took almost a decade to fulfill my vision, but it is very gratifying.

This is my first full account of the serpentine path to realization of my goal to fulfill Cailliaud's vision after a lapse of almost two centuries. It has been a rather arduous but gratifying experience. I am deeply indebted to all the scholar's whose efforts made it possible.



About the author:

W Benson Harer Jr, MD, FN '92, aka "Dr. Ben", graduated from Princeton University and the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. Following his residency in OB/GYN at the Hospital of the U of Pa, he served four years in the USAF.

In 1978 he thought it would be interesting "just once" to join an expedition to Egypt. He went with Kent Weeks in the second season of the Theban Mapping Project. That experience included being called out one night to deliver the baby of a 14 year girl who was possessed by a demon (convulsing) in a mud-brick hut. Fellow explorers probably understand—it was a life-changing experience. He has gone with expeditions to Egypt or Sudan almost every year since.

Egyptology became an alternate career with teaching and publishing in both OB/GYN and Egyptology. He served as an Adjunct Professor of Egyptian Art at California State University San Bernardino and as Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Western States University of Health Sciences.





BOOK REVIEW

PRINTER'S ERROR: IRREVERENT STORIES FROM BOOK HISTORY, BY J.P. ROMNEY AND REBECCA ROMNEY

David Wertheimer

There are many good volumes out there about the history of printing, books, and book collecting. Few, however, are focused on stories from the annals of bibliophilia that chronicle the foibles and idiosyncrasies of authors, producers and collectors. As J.P. and Rebecca Romney write in the introduction to their intriguing and at times somewhat inflammatory work:

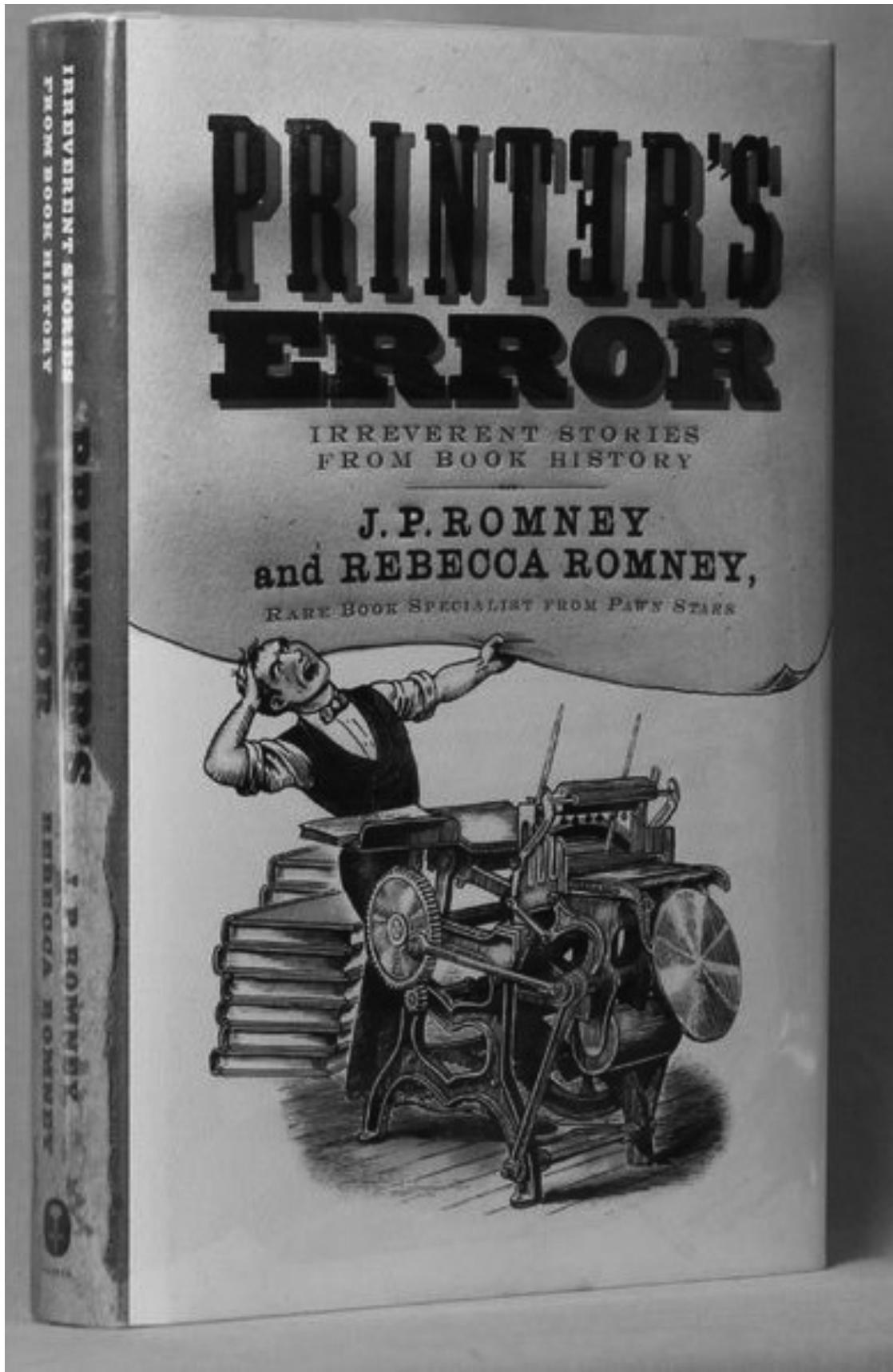
“Human civilization is all the richer for the bizarre history of printed books. Our mistakes, provocations, and our mysteries are all valuable in their own ways. Our predecessors who lived hundreds of years ago are not so different from us, and we can't help but laugh in recognition of our shared folly.”

The authors then proceed to share well-researched and referenced stories that range from the first press books of Johannes Gutenberg to the publishing crisis that came with the Great Depression in 1929 and threatened the publishing industry as it existed at the time. Each story is different and unique, reflecting both the impact the printed word has had on western civilization, as well as moments in the history of the book that some might chose to forget.

For starters, the Romney's chronicle well defined the challenge faced by Gutenberg and the earliest printers when books first emerged. Printed volumes were a new invention, distrusted and maligned by many, just as forcefully as many of us today refuse the efficiency and ease of digital books. As they write: “(R)esistance to technology is futile. For those who define themselves as against the tide, know that your struggle is centuries old...”

Many scribes and monasteries whose livelihood was dependent in part on the production of spectacular illuminated manuscripts were threatened by the new technology of mass production. For example, the Benedictine monk, Trithemius, authored *In Praise of Scribes*, arguing that hand-copied manuscripts offered durability and craftsmanship that printed books could never match.

Gutenberg, about who we know very little, (the primary source material being records of lawsuits related to his business and personal life), likely invented and put to use the first moveable type in the Western world. (Moveable type actually existed in Korea and China several centuries ear-



Printer's Error: Irreverent Stories From Book History. Published by Harper Collins Publisher, 2017.

lier.) Despite this claim to fame, we don't even have an accurate sense of what the man looked like, or even the structure and mechanics of his first presses. In fact, Gutenberg was almost lost to obscurity. Likely driven to near bankruptcy by his chief funder, Johann Fust, who called in Gutenberg's debts before his first major work had been completed, Fust then started his own press by hiring away one of Gutenberg's early employees, Peter Schöffer. It wasn't until the mid-19th century that scholars were able to determine that the famous 42-line Bible was, distinctively, both the first printed book in the West, and the product of Gutenberg's press.

The book goes on to chronicle the efforts of William Tyndale to produce the first printed English translation of the Bible. In the early 16th century, such an act was considered an absolute heresy by the Catholic Church, (which likely feared the impact of common folk having access to content that had, for centuries, been carefully filtered and controlled by the Catholic hierarchy). Tyndale's first English edition of the New Testament appeared in 1526, printed secretly on the European continent, as Tyndale would have faced death for this activity in his native England.

Through a fascinating tale of being both befriended and betrayed, Tyndale, alas, did not escape this fate, and was ultimately sentenced to a gruesome death by strangulation and immolation, (a form of execution designed specifically to be more painful than the simple act of beheading). It was reported by witnesses that even the strangulation was botched, and that Tyndale was alive and speaking as the flames rose up around him. In an ultimate irony, in 1537, less than 12 months after Tyndale's execution, the *Cloverdale Bible* was published as the first edition officially licensed by the British monarchy. Most of the translation was, (what a surprise), Tyndale's.

Printer's Error goes on to share some of the fascinating variant versions of Shakespeare's plays that can be found in the earliest printed versions of the works – quarto editions that emerged years before the scrubbed language of the First Folio. The first printed wording of Hamlet's famous soliloquy actually appeared as:

*To be, or not to be, Aye there's the point.
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? Aye, all.*

While Shakespeare lived, and perhaps even after his death, these plays remained works in progress, evolving as they were performed, modified by the actors who actually spoke the lines. Hamlet's words grew and evolved in this fashion, becoming, by the time of the First Folio in 1623, the familiar:

*To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,*

*And, by opposing, end them. To die to sleep –
No more.*

It is fascinating that, without the earlier editions referred to by scholars as the “bad” quartos, we might never have seen how some of the greatest words ever written in the English language evolved over time in subsequent editions of Shakespeare’s works.

One of my favorite chapters chronicles the story of Benjamin Franklin in his days as a young printer in the English Colonies. Starting as a teenager, Franklin was indentured to his older brother, James, in a fledgling printing business James started when he brought presses back from a trip to England. Not satisfied to be merely his brother’s unpaid apprentice working the presses six days a week, Benjamin disguised his handwriting and began to write a column for James’s paper, *The New England Courant*, ostensibly submitted anonymously by a widow who called herself Silence Dogwood.

The Romney’s follow Ben Franklin’s activities as he strikes out on his own as a printer, and undermines and eliminates his competition, creating a monopoly on the production paper in the colonies that had previously been dependent on costly and limited imports from England. His subsequent empire of colonial newspapers and print shops are described as “the eighteenth-century version of an information superhighway.” Although the time Franklin spent in London made him slow to endorse the concept of revolution and independence, eventually the immense network he created became a medium for the communication required to set colonial minds afire with the concept of “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

Perhaps less celebrated than Franklin, Printer’s Error also tells the story of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, an 18th century cornerstone in what eventually became the modern movement for women’s rights and gender equity. Countering the popular myths of the day, Wollstonecraft challenged the existing beliefs about the fundamental differences between men and women, (for example: That women and men have different types of souls that suit them to different endeavors). In her classic work, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, published in 1792, she argued forcefully that girls should be “educated in the same subjects and by [the] same method as boys,” including the study of classical languages.

A woman and author well before her time, by the mid-19th century, Wollstonecraft was being condemned as an “unsex’d female,” a term used to describe “mannish” women who did radical things with their lives—like having careers. As the Romney’s report, one “mother” wrote to the Ladies Monthly Museum to decry the corruption of her daughters by Wollstonecraft’s book, writing that “one lost her ‘softness’ and engaged in horse-

racing, fox-hunting and betting; a second had taken up Latin and Greek; a third was scientifically dissecting her pets; and a fourth was challenging men to duels.”

In one of the chapters that describes more recent history in the story of books and printing, the Romney’s reflect on the mechanization of printing, (e.g., the invention of the Linotype machine), that led to the mass production of inexpensively produced works. The Book of the Month Club launched in the 1920’s. Book prices tumbled with new production technologies, and eventually fell so far that the financial viability of publishers reached a point of critical risk. By 1930, as the full force of the Great Depression hit, the industry was threatened with extinction.

It was when a coalition of publishers, including Alfred A. Knopf and Harper and Brothers, connected with Edward Bernays, the son of Austrian immigrants who became known as “the Father of Spin,” that the industry began to turn around. A marketing and advertising wizard, Bernays wrote *Crystallizing Public Opinion*, a book that is considered “a foundational work on public relations that is still being used in classrooms and boardrooms today.”

Working with Bernays, publishers actually sought to convince the nation that cheaply produced and priced books were killing the industry and were not in the public interest, while at the same time promoting an increased market for “good books.” The campaign also chastised the practice of “book borrowers” as cheapskates who were undermining the publishing industry. They even launched a national competition for the naming of book borrowers; the finalists in the competition included “Book Weevil, Culture Vulture, Bookbum, Libracide and Bookaneer.” The winner of the contest came up with the term “Book Sneak.” Pretty inventive, (and a grand prize of fifty books!)

In addition, Bernays helped to develop and promote public campaigns that reading was a prestigious activity, (especially for men), claiming that the most successful industrialists read books they had purchased at least two hours each day. In short: If a person was to be successful, he (repeating the sexist language of the era), read many books. Although the campaign showed promising signs of success, as with many challenges of the Great Depression, it was World War II that actually rescued the publishing industry. Soldiers have time on their hands between the battles that were saving the free world, and books became one of the best ways to fill that time. Reading, and the publishing industry, were safe once again as valued cornerstones of democracy and the free world.

In summary, “Printer’s Error” is an informative and fun read. It underscores both the importance of books in the history and course of our

civilization, as well as the foibles and follies of those of us who pursue the collecting of books as a passion and pastime. I highly recommend it.



About the author:

David Wertheimer has been fascinated by rare books from an early age, and has focused his collecting on incunabula, the earliest printed books. When not engaged in his book collecting, he serves as Director of Community and Civic Engagement at the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation in Seattle. He is the current Editor of The Journal of the Book Club of Washington.



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